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SUPER HEROES FROM THE MIND OF

CLIVE BARKER SAINT SINNER™

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SIR
SIGMOID'S
ARCADIA

GUEST STARRING

EctoKid

TRISTAN
93

OBI

HOW DO YOU
SAVE A HERO WHO
DOESN'T WANT TO LIVE?



DIRECT EDITION
00511

POSSESSED BY TWO ENTITIES FROM ANOTHER DIMENSION, THE BOY PHILIP FETTER MUST NOW EXIST IN THAT SMALL SPACE BETWEEN THEM, AS A MAN TRAPPED BETWEEN LIGHT AND DARK, GOOD AND EVIL. HE'S GAINED INCREDIBLE POWER, AT THE COST OF HIS YOUTH, HIS LIFE, AND HIS VERY SANITY.

CLIVE BARKER PRESENTS...

THE ECTOSPHERE, THIS IS THE PLACE WHERE THE DEAD WALK...

...WHERE THE NEVERALIVE MEET THE WANNABE LIVING AND ANYTHING WITH AN ALRA IS LUNCH!

THOSE MUCHACHOS KNOCKED YOU FULL O' ACHOS, BOSS!

YOU'VE TAKEN THE RIDE AND YOU WILL PAY! I WANT LIFE! SIR SIGMOID WANTS YOUR LIFE!

TWO FRIENDS HAVE ALSO MET HERE, ONE OF THEM SEEMS AND THE OTHER ONE HIDES...

PHILIP! CALL IN YOUR COME! THEY'RE WHAT'S FUELING HIM! PULL 'EM BACK, NOW!

I CAN'T, PEX! I DON'T KNOW NOW!

...AND THEY CAME HERE LOOKING FOR FUN.

CHECK OUT ECTONOID #15 FOR THE CLIVE BARKER STORY OF JUST HOW SAID WELL CATCH YOU UP TO SPEED... MARC

CLIVE BARKER CREATOR

PART II

a tale of the BARKERVERSE

ELAINE LEE: Writer • CHRISTIE SCHEEL: Colorist • CARL POTTS: EXECUTIVE EDITOR • TOM DeFALCO: EDITOR • RICHARD FACE: Pencils • MAX DOUGLAS + Temujin: INKS • JANICE CHING: LETTERS • MALCOLM SMITH: CONSULTING EDITOR • M. LAURIN: EDITOR

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JUST DO IT!

I'M TRYING...

POP!

FOUR ECTOPLASMIC COINS...
CLOSINGLY MADE OF
PHILIP FETTER'S SOUL-
STUFF... GIVEN IN IGNORANCE...
STOLEN... TEAR FREE
OF SIGMOID'S BODY AND
FLY TO THEIR PROPER OWNER

Ha ha- ha ha ha ha! Ha-ha-ha!

FOUR COINS IS THAT'S IT?
THAT'S THE BEST YOU CAN DO?

Ha-ha-ha!

FOUR COINS? THAT'S IT? THAT'S THE BEST YOU CAN DO?

DON'T
LOOK NOW,
BOSS, BUT YER
COMING
APART!

GEEZE
LOOWEEZ!

point!

MLH3

JUST FOUR
COINS...

CARL BIRTH IS NEVER
AN EASY THING. NEVER
WHEN CHILDREN ARE BORN
FULL-GROWN. IN TAKING
IT'S FORM OF FLESH.

Q WILL AND
A SCREAM AND
A SHOWER OF
ECTOPLASM.

G GGG!

AAAAHHH!

NOT MUCH LEFT OF
SIR SIGMOID.

NOT MUCH.

WOW!

EXTRA
WEIRD

HE
ONLY EATS
CHILDREN
YOU
KNOW.

REMEMBER
THAT!

SHHHWOOP!

THE RIDE'S OVER, THE CROWDS
GONE HOME, AND TWO FRIENDS
ARE LEFT ALONE IN
THE DARKNESS.

ONE OF THE TWO
BELONGS HERE.

THE OTHER
ONE WANTS
TO BELONG.

HOW DO
WE GET OUT OF
THE CAVE?

WE LEAVE
THE
ECTOSPHERE.

I CAN'T
LEAVE. I'M
DEAD. I'D
RATHER
BE DEAD.

MAN, YOU AIN'T
DEAD! IF YOU WERE DEAD,
YOU COULDN'T CALL UP
YOUR COINS BACK! YOU'RE
LIKE ME AN' YOUR BODY'S
OUT THERE WAITING FOR
YOU! MAYBE IT'S SICK
OR TRYING TO LIVE
YOUR BODY TOO LONG,
I'LL MAKE YOU FEEL
LIKE DOG DOO WHEN
YOU GO BACK!
C'MON...

...I'LL HELP
YOU
FIND IT.

JUST WALK RIGHT
THROUGH THIS STUFF.
IT'S ONLY ECTOPLASM
AN' THAT'S WHAT YOU
ARE! C'MON...



...OR STAYING HALF
ALIVE! THAT'S ON
HIS MOTHER'S SIDE.

AWW,
HECK! MAYBE
I SHOULD JUST
GO BACK FOR
THE GUY NOW!
COME HOME
LATER.

DEX'S FATHER DOESN'T
HAVE A SIDE. HE'S
A GHOST AND HE'S
SOMEWHERE IN
THE ECTOSPHERE,
WAITING FOR DEX
TO FIND HIM.

DEX TAKES AFTER
HIS MOTHER.

GEEZE!
I LOOK LIKE
DOS POC! HOW
LONG HAVE I
BEEN GONE?

LIKE HER, HE HAS A
FLESH-N'-BLOOD BOD.
HE'S FOND OF IT...

...EVEN AT A DISTANCE.

PHILIP EETER WILL
HAVE TO WAIT.

BETTER
CLIMB BACK IN
AND GO **EAT**
SOMETHING!

AND IF DEX DIES COMPLETELY,
HE'LL NEVER FIND HIS DAD.
NEVER FREE HIS MOTHER FROM
THE EXDURGATORIUS. K

*SHE WAS
CAPTURED IN
ECTOKID MY.
--MARC

SORRY, SORRY, PAL.
CAN'T HELP YOU, NOW.
YOU MUSTA HAD
SOME **COUSY** LIFE.
TO PREFER STAYIN'
IN THE ECTOSPHERE!

BLOOD IS THICKER
THAN ECTOPLASM.

...DEX? ARE YOU STILL HERE? CAN YOU HEAR ME? I COULDN'T! I WASN'T READY TO FOLLOW YOU... GOING BACK TO MY BODY MEANS GOING BACK TO THE ENTITIES THAT POSSESS IT--

WHAT?
WHO'S
THERE?
WHO'S
CRYING?

--AND THERE'S JUST NOT ENOUGH ROOM IN MY BODY FOR THE DEMON, THE ANGEL AND MYSELF...

EVERY SOUL HAS ITS WEAKNESS.

FOR THE SOUL OF PHILIP FETTER, THE WEAKNESS COMES WRAPPED IN DISCIPLINE AND FAITH AND ALL TIED UP WITH PONY-TAIL RIBBON.

IT'S ME... **BITSY** FROM THE CARNIVAL. PLEASE, HELP ME?

YOU LOOK **NICE**... YOUR **FACE** HAS HEALED... UH... WHAT HAPPENED TO ROB AND BOB AND SALLY?

IT'S TERRIBLE! THEY KEPT RIDING RACES AND PLAYING GAMES AND, ALL OF A SUDDEN, THERE WAS NOTHING LEFT OF THEM! YOU'VE GOT TO HELP ME... I'M ALL ALONE... PLEASE...

BEFORE THE COMING OF RUNESANTH, PHILIP WAS A LESS-THAN-SWEET SIXTEEN... NOT THAT KINDA GUY GIRLS DIED FOR, BUT **THIS** GIRL'S DEAD ALREADY.

SINCE THE DEMONS' COMING... WELL, PHILIP'S BEEN **BUSY**... WHAT WITH NINE YEARS OF TORTURE IN THE AMEN, AND JUGGLING A COUNTRY OF ALIEN ENTITIES, AND ALL. FOR BUSY FOR LOVE.

BUT THIS GIRL'S A BIT DIFFERENT. SHE'S GOT ALL THE TINGS IN THE ECOSPHERE, AND SHE WANTS WHAT PHILIP FETTER HAS.

...HELP.

Yes...yes...every soul has a weakness...

EVERY SOUL HAS A WEAKNESS
MALCOLM PERRY HAD ONE
AND LOSE IT HE CALLED THE
WEAKNESS, "MY JOB."

SAINT? ARE YOU
DOWN HERE? OR ARE
YOU ALIVE? OR ARE
YOU BEYOND LIFE?
DID YOU GROWN IN
THE HUDSON?

NOW WITH ALL THAT
TIME ON HIS HANDS,
PERRY IS OUT IN
HIS JAPANESE CAR.

HE'S DOWN BY THE RIVER,
HUNTING A MYTH.

IF YOU LIVE, SAINT,
LET ME REPAY YOU...
THANK YOU FOR
SAVING MY SOUL.

BUT THE MYTH
FINDS HIM.

HOLY!

THWOMP



KER-ACK-SH!

Ahhhhgh!

skreeeeeeeeeee

IF I WERE HUMAN,
I HATE WOULD'VE
HURT. TOO
BAD.

OHGODOHGODOHGOD.



It's as I've said,
demon, we have
no control of Jetter's
body, without
the force of
Jetter's will.

NEVER THOUGHT I'D
SAY IT, BUT I MISS
THAT GUY! *hahahahaha!*



HERE, GET IN--
THANK GOD!
THANK GOD!
YOU'RE
ALL RIGHT!

GOD HAD
NOTHING TO
DO WITH IT,
AND MARZ.

With all the work I
f*ck+e+p's well I
killing this
weaking. I eat
his fear. You sweat
& lot of fear,
human!

MALCOLM PERRY IS CONFUSED.
THIS IS NOT SAINT SINNER IN
HIS CAR. JUST ANOTHER
BURNING. NO, IT'S
HOMELESS. THAT'S THE TERM.
WE DON'T SAY BURN THESE DAYS.

I'M SORRY...
I THOUGHT
YOU WERE
YOU LOOKED
LIKE...

You
barely
have the
strength to
talk. The sin-
ner's corpse
is heavy...
his flesh
dense. & his
human is
safe from
you!

*Turn! Turn!
to the left!
left! LEFT!

SKREEEEEEEE

HONK!

HOOOOOONK!

hahaha hahaha!
OTEWAY
STREET!
ONE WAY! HA
hahaha

SKREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE

NOW, MALCOLM PERRY
IS FRIGHTENED.

I won't let
you hurt
him!

Human! Push
us! Push us
from the car!
Now!
Push Us!

REALLY FRIGHTENED.

Haha-ha HAHA!
he'd die now, Angel!
Perry would have
helped him! Now
he'll starve
and i'll be free
of his flesh!

PERRY WILL DRIVE
HOME. TAKE A VALIUM.
MONDAY, HE'LL LOOK
FOR A NEW JOB.

OUTSIDE NEW ORLEANS...

DEX MUNGO HATES
TO EAT AND RUN...

HOPE YOU
APPEAL TO
THIS, PHILIP.



ON A DAY LIKE TODAY
IT'S GOOD TO BE DEAD,
SPECIALLY HERE, IN
SIR SIGMOID'S
ARCADE!

JUST LOOK
DOWN THE BARREL,
SET THE TARGET
ON TOP OF
THE CROSSED
BAR AND...

Aaaaaa!

PLH-TOOM!

LIFE ISN'T ALWAYS WHAT IT'S
CRACKED UP TO BE.

I DON'T KNOW WHY
THIS GAME BOTHERED ME
SO MUCH. IT'S DEAD AND NOW
THAT SIR SIGMOID'S GONE,
WE DON'T HAVE TO PAY. I'M
GLAD YOU TALKED ME INTO
COMING BACK.

I THINK I'VE
FIGURED OUT WHY
WE DIDN'T
DISAPPEAR LIKE
THE OTHER KIDS. IF
YOU'RE STRONG
ENOUGH, YOU CAN
PLAY THE GAMES
WITHOUT
FADING!

SOMETIMES LIFE DENIES
YOU THINGS, THINGS
YOU CAN GET NIKKE
IN THE ECTOSPHERE...

THAT'S IT
BABY... EAT
HIM UP!

C'MON,
BITSY,
LET'S
PLAY
ANOTHER
GAME!

...WHERE THOSE WHO WOULD
HIDE MEET THOSE WITH
SOMETHING TO HIDE.

DEX MUNGO LOOKS THROUGH HIS RIGHT EYE INTO THE ECTOSPHERE, FOR HIS FRIEND.

Just look down the barrel, set the target on top of the crossed bar and...

NO!!

A FRIEND IN NEED IS A PAIN IN THE BUTT...

ESPECIALLY WHEN HE'S PLAYIN' THE S&P FOR A WORM-INFESTED SUCCUBUS!

NO! NO, PHILIP, NO!

GOTTA GET TO HIM, BUT HOW? I STILL REMEMBER HOW IT FEELS TO ENTER THE ECTOSPHERE PHYSICALLY-- I'LL GET SPIT OUT QUICK AN' FEEL LIKE GARBAGE--

CAN'T LEAVE MY BODY... TOO WEAK... AN' THOSE GLIYS'LL SPONGE IT! DON'T WANNA JELMO BUT GOTTA DO SOMETHING!

DEX DOES SOMETHING. HE AND HIS HARLEY HAVE A DATE WITH AN ECTO-BABE.

WHA--? I GET THE BIKES! LET'S BEAT IT!

Philip!

HIS TIRES DECLINE THE INVITATION.



PHILIP?

A GUEST ON A VISIT TO
THE ECTOSPHERE SHOULD
ALWAYS CHECK HIS SMILE
AT THE POOL.

IT'S ONE OF THOSE
"UNWRITTEN RULES".

THOSE WHO
BREAK THEM
BOUNCED,
AND QUICK!

SO, DEX ALINGO
KEEPS HIS EYE ON
THE GOAL. HE
CANNOT HAVE
MUCH TIME.



OH, DEAR.

SUCCUBUS!
FROM HER,
PHIL! SHE'S--



..YAAAA!

DEX?

IT'S OKAY,
BABY. HE'S
GONE. SO...



..HOW
ABOUT
ANOTHER
KISS?

NO... NO...
I... DON'T
THINK I...



ARE YOU **DUMPING** ME?



SOMETHING'S BEEN
FORGOTTEN.



I HAVE
YOUR
COINS!

MANY MORE OF
THEM THAN BEFORE,
THANKS TO BITSY!



NO, THAT'S NOT IT.

IT WAS SOMETHING
ABOUT CHILDREN.

THE BOSS WILL
TAKE YOUR SOUL
AND FOLLOW ITS TRAIL
TO YOUR BODY! HE
WILL HAVE YOUR LIFE!
AMIGO! A GOOD
PLAN, SI?



YES, YOUR LIFE,
BOY! VERY STRONG---
I CAN ALMOST
TASTE IT!



CAN'T LET
HIM-- GET TO MY
BODY-- HE AND RUNESMITH
TOO MUCH POWER!

WHAT WAS IT THE
GIRL SAID?

HE ONLY
EATS... EVIL,
YOU KNOW!

THE YOUNG AND THE DEAD:
EASY PICKIN'S FOR SIGMOID.

IF YOU
WERE DEAD,
YOU COULDN'T A
CALLED
YOUR BOSS
BACK!

...AND THAT'S
WHAT
SIR SIGMOID HAD
COUNTED ON!

WHAT ARE
YOU DOING?
NO! NO! YOU
WANT TO
PLAY!

BUT, PHILIP FETTER ISN'T DEAD,
AND HE ISN'T SIXTEEN YEARS OLD.
HE HAD JUST WANTED TO BE...

WITHOUT THE HELP
OF HIS ENTITIES, HE
HASN'T GAINED POWER TO AGE
LIVING FLESH...

...TIL IT FITS
THE SHAPE
OF A MAN IN
HIS PRIME.

...BUT PHILIP
ISN'T EXACTLY
ALIVE. HE WILLS
HIS FORM TO GROW
AND CHANGE...

WITH HIS SPIRIT A MATCH
FOR HIS REPLACED FLESH,
HE REACHES OUT... CALLING
UPON THE LEGION THAT
SUSTAINS THEM BOTH.

I DIDN'T
CARE FOR THAT
LAST GAME, SIR.
I'D LIKE
MY MONEY
BACK...

ALL
OF IT?

HE TAKES HIS
OWN LIFE...

... AND GIVES THE YOUNG AND
THE DEAD THEIR FREEDOM!



GOOD-BYE, PHILIP.
I'M SORRY ABOUT
THE COINS, AND YA KNOW...
LIKE THE ~~NOSES~~...
THEY WERE REAL!

TUNNEL OF LOVE!



WAIT! WHERE ARE
YOU GOING?

BEYOND
THE ECOSPHERE.
SWEETIE! WE'RE
GOING HOME
NOW.

THANKS,
PAL!

IF YOU'RE EVER IN
THE
NEIGHBORHOOD...?

HOME...
YES...



SO, MISTER?
YOU WANNA
GO HOME
NOW?

YES
I'M READY
NOW.

PHILIP LETTER IS NOT
SIXTEEN. HE HAS
BUSINESS TO TAKE CARE
OF... BUSINESS THAT
CANNOT WAIT.

THEN GO THROUGH MY HOOP
TO THE DEAD END STREET!
MY HOOP CAN TAKE YOU
ANYWHERE AS EASILY AS
IT SHOWS YOU YOUR FRIEND
ON THE OTHER SIDE!

WHOA!
WHAT IS
THIS?
PHILIP!

WAVE
BYE...
BYE...

WAIT, PHILIP!
I DON'T KNOW ABOUT
THIS DEAD END
STREET! I NEED TO
KNOW... HELP
ME THROUGH!

I CAN'T SEEM
TO REACH THROUGH!
BUT HEY, DEX! THANKS
FOR HELPING ME BE
A KID AGAIN! I'LL JUST
FOR A WHILE...

TWO HANDS REACH
ACROSS THE CHASM
BETWEEN LIFE
AND DEATH...

...FOR A
MOMENT
NEARLY
TOUCHING...

THEN ONE OF THEM...
THE PALM OF THE TWO
IS CAUGHT, ALONG WITH
ITS BODY IN AN
ELECTROPLASMIC RIPTIDE...

DEX...

...AND IS CARRIED AWAY
ON THE CURRENTS TO
THE DEAD END STREET.

FOLLOW
THE LIFELINE
TO YOUR BOY!
YOU'RE ALMOST
HOME!

WHERE
IS
HOME?

AS HIS FRIEND
DEX MANGO MIGHT
HAVE SAID...

ADIOS AM

... HOME IS WHERE YOU
HANG YOUR FLESH!

the saint's boy
is DYING, ANGEL.
Soon I will be
FREE!

Don't fool yourself.
Demon! The Sinner
will be back.
He'll be back.

Yee...yes...
but TOO
Late, Angel!!
far too
Late!

NEXT: THE CHILD STEALER!

PLEASE SEND ALL CORRESPONDENCE TO:
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SAINT SINNER

the old order changes

At conventions, one of the most often asked questions by new pencils is how to break into the business. The truth is you have to be very talented, persistent, and a little bit lucky. This issue is the perfect opportunity to illustrate this, as we say goodbye to old friends and welcome new...

This issue marks our farewell to Max Douglas as the artist on SAINT SINNER, this issue inked by Max over his buddy Richard Pace whose talented pencils we all will be keeping an eye on in the future! Next issue we welcome aboard talented new penciler Lawrence Brown. Lawrence's distinction, to me, was in being one of those pencils whose pencil samples are so good, the moment I saw them I wondered two things: Why the heck hadn't somebody else snatched this guy up, and what the heck could I use him for?

synchronicity strikes deep

At that point, the great wheel changed, and Max revealed he'd be unable to keep up the monthly grind—a revelation met at once with panic and revelation. The new artist who would take his place had already fallen into our laps! After a quick check with Clive, Malcolm and Elaine, the deal was made. That simple, that quick, based really on one known quantity that Lawrence had to offer: a vivid visual imagination, and a draftsman's hand that made whole new worlds come to life. It was a coincidence to shake your faith in the random patterns of life.

But the coincidences didn't end there. They always run in threes. The third bit of connection that shows what a holistic wonder the Barkiverse is destined to be is that Lawrence was already completely familiar with the books through his friend and fellow artist Bob Petrecca, linker on HYPERKIND. I love it when a plan comes together.

We all hope that you will, too.

Dear Marcus McLaurin,

I'm betting that this book hits one million readers by the end of the year. If it doesn't, there's something wrong. It's that good. Everyone I know who reads it (Jimmy and Terry and David), love it. But we talk about how easy it is in today's glut of comics to miss a truly stunning book, which SAINT SINNER is a prime example of.

There isn't a page of SAINT SINNER that wouldn't make a great T-Shirt. Max Douglas is really one of the best new artists out. The story is sharp too. A little confusing at times, but I'm hoping that that will all work out as the series finds its legs.

This is by far the best of the new Razorline titles. I really want to like them all, but so far it's only SAINT SINNER which has caught my imagination. For

now, I'm a SAINT SINNER.

Wayne Weissman
54 Timber Ridge
Nalogoches, TX 75961

Well, Wayne, it's time to try ECTOKID. All of the books are worth another look, but it's ECTOKID which this month has the lovable Philip Fetter over for a playdate. Don't miss the chance to get two doses of SAINT SINNER in a single month.

Now about each page of SAINT SINNER being sharp enough for a T-shirt. We did one better. We put together a T-shirt with never before seen art by Max Douglas. No, it's not for sale. The trick is getting us to think twice on your letter. Don't simply ask us for a shirt; that won't work. Be creative. Here's a hint: we enjoy getting well-written letters with interesting things to say. The shirt is worth it. Hope you like yours, Wayne.

Dear Saint Sinner,

I've been reading comics for about two years. I've read lots of comics but it's been a long time since I've read anything like SAINT SINNER. It has something that no other comic I've ever read has. What's that? It has style. It's an intricate story told with detail. I've been bored silly with the simple, straight-ahead style of most comic book writers of late. And I didn't even know it. It took a book which broke the traditional style to make me aware of what I didn't like in the pulp paper I've been buying lately.

Because I liked this story as much as I did, I went to the comic shop the second I heard that Elaine Lee was the writer of a book by that other company that puts out comics. I figured maybe it would be a good book too. Sure enough, that other book is almost as good as SAINT SINNER. Not as good, but good. It's too straightforward for my tastes. SAINT SINNER is the book where she really soars, telling a complicated story with an interesting character. I do want to learn more about Philip Fetter, but so far, you haven't lost me.

Robert Erickson
43 Auburn Street
Baltimore, MD 21201

In the coming months, Bob, Elaine does out a good deal of insight into who Philip Fetter is. We get down, dirty... and personal. Stick around.

NEXT:

The origin of the mysteriously powerful refuge from the Ectosphere, Crooked-Face Half-head! And the revelation of a devastating disaster that will shake all the worlds of the Decamundi! Don't miss an adventure between worlds!

"The Child Stealer"

CUTTING EDGE ALERT!

Next week in

HYPERKIND #6:

The unrained Hyperkind face off against the greatest enemies of the Golden Age: Fades the venomous Vexus! Guest starring Trip Monroe from Holium & Hied

ELSEWHERE, ALONG THE RAZOR'S EDGE:

In ECTOKID #6:

Dex leaps back for Ectospheric adventure that reunites him with his father—and a demonic troll is on both their tails! It's the road chase to end all chases!

In HOKUM & HEX #6:

Back in New York City, Trip has become a media celebrity! Will this unwanted attention give Earth's mightiest mortal magician a swelled head—or a busted gut? Find out as he goes head to head with the champion of Felon Bale: Bloodshed! Part one of a four part story that will redefine Trip Monroe — and may destroy Earth's champion!

Demons. Angels. Evolving algae. A new universe, paralleling our own.

Elaine Lee wrote SAINT SINNER, a comic book to be published by Marvel comics' new Razorline imprint later this summer. Lee has been writing comics that appeal to the underground science fiction crowd since the early 1980's. But SAINT SINNER will probably change all that.

"I'm doing mainstream stuff now because science fiction doesn't really make you a lot of money," she says, laughing, with a hint of a southern accent. And though it's true that SAINT SINNER is more mainstream — and Marvel comics perhaps epitomizes the mainstream in the industry — it is something of an experiment.

SAINT SINNER comes from the imagination of horror novelist/filmmaker Clive Barker. Barker created a universe, called the Decamundi, and the characters that roam it. Lee and the other three writers will pen the stories that emerge from this new world.

Saint Sinner appears at different places in answer to people's prayers. He can cross dimensions, and he has the ability to evolve or devolve other life-forms.

"He never knows if it's going to be a good result or a bad result when he does something like that," Lee explains. For instance, when he tries evolving a tree, the tree becomes aware of the fact that it is dying and is full of pain. "It wasn't a very helpful thing for the tree," adds Lee.

— Excerpted from the July 8th issue of the *Engadget* and *Highland Herald*. Article by Ed Pizazz.

Elaine Lee